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1913

Leaves from  
Virginia's Journal

Virginia Corry



Class PS3555

Book O16 L4

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LEAVES FROM  
VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL





# LEAVES FROM VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

BY  
VIRGINIA CORRY



RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS . . . BOSTON

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TO  
AN "IDEAL FRIEND"  
WHO KNOWING MY IMPERFECTIONS,  
THINKS NONE THE LESS OF ME.



LEAVES FROM  
VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL



## LEAVES FROM VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

The beauties of leisure are manifold, therefore, I reverence those who labor in the "Fields of Life."

Frequently there is righteousness in anger. We were given it to "thunder" our displeasure in a just cause.

To God alone can we yield humility, for if we stoop, an ignorant and, therefore, a cruel brother may crush us.

We cannot move mountains, but by faith we can climb over them and in doing so we may gather rare fruits, which will nourish us when we descend into the valley.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

For many years I prayed for belief. Faith, like a rainbow, now arches my sky.

If in despair, dwell with Nature—  
Nature who smiles and stretches her  
arms to us with the fruits of all seasons.

Cultivate the divinity that dwells  
within you, and give heed to it lest  
you become dazed by conflicting beliefs  
and famish in the midst of plenty.

A cracked earthen vessel may often  
contain a wholesome berry.



## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

In mounting the ladder of life, if a fellow creature is beneath you, give him a smile or a kind word; it will not take from your riches, it may add to them.

Christ said men were made in his likeness—not those in the palaces merely, but also those in the huts.

Take not too much pride in your earthly power O fools, who are blind! for those who stand upright to-day may be bent on the morrow.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

There was one who lived purely and simply as a flower, taking but little thought from whence she came or whither bound, for her faith and trust were infinite.

Cultivate your own fields, and when you can, give a hand to your neighbors.

Alas! The poor black man! The righteous must journey into your land to set up a cross for your redemption. Are the dumb and blind forgotten? Does not the same sun bring warmth to all?

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Doubtless the faith of the black man is simple—to be read in the clear streams and in the ripening corn. True they slay one another, but the white man meditates while he tests the life-destroying batteries to be used with fatal effect upon his brother.

The fate of many a noble woman, alas! is that she loves too well, and in doing so gives with both hands.

Friend, develop the divinity within you, and with a handful of chestnuts you may defy the world!

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Bread without salt is tasteless, so  
life without love savorless.

My friend is fair with the brightness of a flower, and, to me, her faults are but the dust of earth which is upon us all.

If a man break faith with you,  
stand fast to your own lest his weakness impair your strength.

The crippled in form we pity,  
while the deformed in spirit we condemn.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

The granaries of an unlettered man are frequently rich with the fruits from Elysian fields.

It is like working in the sunshine to work for a kind and appreciative employer. Since labor we must, let us give thanks when we are not obliged to do so in the shadow.

Knowledge is power, if we are to believe our copy books. A hen lays an egg in the morning and enjoys a leisurely afternoon. Why not take a lesson from her, overworked business man? The hen will scratch up the earth during her spare time, but you can play golf and so score even at nightfall. You might also cultivate a rose garden.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

One cannot expect good to spring from the sowing of evil.

The laws of life are immutable. There are evil results from over-eating, over-drinking and over-reaching.

One with a sense of humor must smile when they observe a member of a christian church, to protect himself against a daily annoyance, affix the sign "No Peddlers Wanted" upon his premises.

A comprehensive man is generally a just one.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Sometimes the best of friends are a pest.

Many men load themselves with unnecessary burdens; laboring to store up junk in a collection of boxes which they call home and humbler creatures regard as a mansion. The useless lumber must weary the collectors at times, but they consider the effect it has upon their neighbors and the respect it creates. Therefore, they continue to live in a style unworthy of themselves.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

In this life all is contrast; light and darkness, sunshine and shadow. The hardy, bold geranium, the flaunting dahlia and the golden sunflower, whose seeds will always differ from those of the fair frail lily of the field, cousin to the lotus flower and the daffodil. There is no equality—I may be superior to some but I must recognize that I am inferior to many.

In descending to another's level one passes out of one's own orbit and should not expect to be at ease, however much one may love the one for whom one descends.



## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

I am thrust into a strange country with a mosaic formed by my ancestors. They are not dead, for they love, laugh and hate through me. Would that I were myself!—for—in being them I lack harmony. I may love to-day as dead Hugh loved, but as forgotten Anne I am capable of hating on the morrow. Mary was most careful of her pence, William could not keep a penny. May was pure, Phillip did not tread in her footsteps. Gertrude knew not compassion, but Ralph did not lack sympathy. Therefore, my friend, pity the conflict which rages within me and turn not from me.

Life is like a picnic, where some bring sugar and some lemons.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Fate is a mighty sculptor whacking at our clay. Imperfections, humps and mars must be overcome, for we are to be appraised in a strange market.

There are men like fat spiders, forever weaving nets to trap the unwary, differing only from the spider in that they prey upon their own kind.

An honest, industrious, upright human is a torch bearer to many.

There was one who fought his battles in the arena of the world, for a worthy cause. Every day he went forth to combat, a hero without a laurel, a master without a slave.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

We can create a kingdom for ourselves although we may dwell in the smallest village in the world.

A bird in a cage has the courage to sing. Why should I not rejoice?

Belief is a rare gift that comes at no one's bidding and frequently will not flower in a forcing house.

Have we forgotten that Christ was born in a manger and that a carpenter abode with him?

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

A great general, and a great laborer, one a leader of men and the other a helper of men. If we honor one we must respect the other.

In the company of a fair tempting woman it is in the province of the wisest man to stumble, for beauty is a lure and woman a magnet.

I have known darkness, therefore, I can appreciate light.

To do well in the eyes of the world and offend Heaven is the act of a coward and a fool.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Many a man who dwells in a palace is poorer than the meanest serf who serves him.

The immutable laws of one's neighbors may be respected, yet not accepted, for one is obliged to do one's own thinking occasionally.

Without a stomach the world would lack in entertainment.

One is never in doubt when gazing upon the moving picture, being quite sure vice will be vanquished, virtue rewarded and innocence protected. All for a nickle! It is simply amazing! Oh, come with me—not to Fairyland—but to a moving picture-show, and you shall see justice.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

If we would have butter for our bread we should not grumble at milking the cow occasionally.

It is best at times not to unfurl a banner of righteousness lest it be spat upon.

The weed which we cast forth in scorn frequently carries with it many golden blossoms which no one will praise because they bear the stigma of a despised name.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

You must expect disappointment if you are looking for field flowers in the busy marts of the world. Come away, lest you dispute with a beggar over a crust in the gutter.

Is knowledge kind or cruel? By its light I turn from that which I thought most true, and standing alone I totter like a young child over my broken toys. Lacking the courage of an Alexander, I must strive for the patience of the camel who, heavily burdened, crosses the dreary plains without complaint.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

The mercy of men is past understanding. With sound of fife and drum they slay one another, then summon those who wear the Red Cross to bind the broken limbs of the injured. An army equipped to slaughter and another prepared to minister to the wounded.—The drums are silent, step softly lest you disturb the sufferers. Oh, pitiful man! holding in one hand a life-destroying weapon and in another the Cross of Christ.

I am constantly weeding in the garden of my soul, where the poisonous weeds of evil thought and action grow among precious buds which are struggling to blossom.



## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

At times the kinship of souls can be discerned at a glance and may prove stronger than any tie of blood.

We all serve someone, and in serving others we frequently serve God. Therefore, speak not contemptuously of the humblest servant.

We see according to our own light, Many find their way difficult because their light is too dim to illuminate their pathway.

The recollections of the friends of my youth are many, although their dear faces are hidden by a mist of years.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

A pig fed on strawberries is none the less a pig.

If you are quite ambitious you might enter the exclusive set, if only to study the noses of the setters, quite an interesting occupation I assure you, but if you are wise you will guard your own nose well, while there lest it assume an upward angle.

Some women are like the month of January, full of tears, and fate generally is most accommodating in giving them a reason for weeping.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

There are two rôles which will always be played upon this round stage, that of the deceiver and the deceived. Father and daughter, lover and lass, husband and wife will be playing them until time rolls into eternity.

Many a fair maiden is crucified upon a cross of gold.

Despair oft times wears the cloak of patience and is masked by indifference.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Bitter sweet must flourish in your garden and the Star of Bethlehem, then shall the daffodil reign over all in sweet contentment, although beside it dwells the bluebell.

Looking down from a great height those beneath one must seem less mighty. Even the honorable Miss So-and-so, train bearer to the queen, might assume the proportions of a bug.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Not to be able to think as others do frequently compels one to live apart from one's kind, and where thought and communion of spirit are concerned one is like a stranger in a remote country, unable to speak the language although mingling with the crowd.

Some may have guilt on their gingerbread, but there may be satisfaction in it unadorned.

Those whom the Lord intends us to help will come into our lives, for such work is generally prepared for us, and there may be a sentry to note how well that work is performed.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

A humane man had plenty of this country's gold; therefore, he was mighty, but although he stood highly he took great care that his shadow fell on no man.

There are those with perfect eyes and ears who can neither see nor hear, so far as the beauty of the earth is concerned. I often wonder if the fish observe the beauties which are to be found in their world. Doubtless they are too busy looking for worms to fatten upon.

Father! mother! remember that many a foul thing is bred in darkness! Therefore, let what sunlight you can play upon your children.

Do not grieve if your feet are ill-clad and your coat affords you but scant protection. You must regard

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such a condition as your molting season, feeling assured that if you are patient it will soon pass and Time will reward you with finer and more comfortable raiment.

I stood within my open door and felt the chill of the gray dawn, but I looked to the east resolutely and presently the sun arose. Its warm rays were about me, resting upon the vines where the berries were ripening, flooding the fruit trees in my garden, finding the figs to perfect them where they were hidden under the fig tree's broad leaves which were like emerald hued fans unfurled in the sunlight. These things I had planted in the rich brown earth, which has served mankind so faithfully, depending upon the rain and the sun to ripen them, and soon

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I shall have fruit for myself and some to spare for my neighbor. Therefore, I would say to one who lacks courage when the day and the way is dark, "Do not despair! Keep your life clean and if your work is a worthy one attend to it faithfully and you may depend upon a rich harvest as you look for the sun to come over the mountains."

Fate's methods are not unlike those of a gardener who prunes a tree that it may reach perfection. We are many times wounded by Fate but may not our suffering and poverty serve to enrich us in time?

We should not envy the man who rests upon his laurels after having performed brave and good deeds on the Field of Endeavor.



## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

I have met many religious people,  
but I have seen few christians.

Do not allow your soul to shrivel  
up so that God Himself cannot find  
it.

There is much in this world which  
is beyond our comprehension, but  
doubtless night-owls would under-  
stand many things better could they  
see in the daylight, and our day is  
not unlike theirs in some respects.

Frequently it is difficult to under-  
stand how he who is on the road to  
Somewhere and she who is on the  
road to Nowhere ever met and mar-  
ried.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

There is joy at times in the mere sense of living if we have eyes to see. About us there is beauty everywhere; in the day and in the night—the day for the hum of life, the night for silence and meditation. It is then we have time to look upward at the stars, God's open casements, gleaming brightly in the immeasurable, ethereal fabric of Heaven, like the lamps of home which a traveler sees in the distance.

If it were not for our sub-conscious self we would stumble into many a pitfall, for our mind will play the truant occasionally.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

There are days when I am like a veritable pirate upon the high seas, but I shall not record them, never having kept a log book.

We are all traders more or less. The haughtiest lady in the land exchanges her gold for adornment, yet she may look askance at the man from whom she buys her provisions.

Nothing is so false as some of the so-called truths which have been thrust upon mankind for centuries.

In this School of Life one would think that many were preparing to become serpents, birds of prey and ground hogs in a future existence.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

One may lose a leg but his remaining leg may develop unusual aptitude and his hands perform wonders of which he never dreamed; therefore, he is poor in some respects but enriched in others. So it is with our lives; we may lack gold but we may be given the intelligence to realize that we really need but little to be comfortable and a few hours a day devoted to work will supply us with the means to live simply.

A mariner is not in danger of being lost if he carries a compass, and a landsman would do well to take a lesson from him, and with fair intelligence to guide him direct his course to a serene and glorious port.

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With few exceptions we are all bullies. We bully our children and those dependent upon us; in fact, anything which is in our power, but children and dumb animals are the greatest sufferers from our tyranny. Why can't we cultivate a more merciful spirit? Are we never to be enlightened?

Some people's smiles have a more unpleasant effect upon one than their frowns.

The descendants of nobles wearing their laurels, should be noble in character; otherwise, they are harlicans to whom fools make obeisance on account of their liveries.

## VIRGINIA'S JOURNAL

Many say contemptuously in referring to another: "Oh, she is a butterfly!" The frail beautiful butterfly, the friend of the flowers! I see nothing to condemn in it, for I have no desire to make of it a practical housewife. They who deprecate it may be mighty creatures, but God made the lion and the butterfly, and it ill becomes one to scorn the other.

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When I open my eyes in the morning Habit is sitting by my bedside with a commanding aspect and an upraised finger and I feel that I must stand in his treadmill and submit to his yoke. But some day I will defy him, leave my bedchamber in my nightrobe, walk with bare feet upon the dewy lawn and pass my day in a variety of pleasant ways, suffering no longer from the tyranny of custom, and doubtless end by being restrained in a madhouse.

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If I have been the means of hope entering into a cheerless life, if I have lightened the burden placed upon young shoulders, succored the aged and shown the way to the unbelieving, I shall feel that my life has not been altogether a failure, however meagre and somber it may appear to others.



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Life throws many a spell upon us. How often the moonlight and the shadows, cast by the whispering leaves outside my window, have danced upon my floor, playing upon the pipes of fancy and whispering to the soul strange delicious conceits that my tongue could not utter. And so for many hours I have reclined upon my bed, with wide, open eyes, dreaming of a fair strange country not down on the maps of anywhere. You too, my friend, may have sighted this country when love and hope have been aglow within you, or you have lain upon a bed of leaves with naught but the heavens above you, on some wondrous, starlit, summer night, and yielded to the magic of the soft gloom as it enfolded you.

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— With conscience as a guide, we must all find the way to our own salvation.

If we awoke in the morning in a strange place and saw beside us food and water, we would feel that someone was caring for us. Therefore, when we enter this fair country and see the breadfruit, the wild berries, the fig and the date trees and the clear streams of running water, can we doubt that we are in a great Lord's care?

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We may be robed in satin and fine laces, or in the simplest gown, many may greet us with an appearance of affection, which we are wont to accept graciously, but how seldom are the best of us truly loved!

The wish to be beautiful is but the wish to please turned inside out. Many a woman paints her face, and for doing so is spoken of contemptuously, when she but turns to art in the hope of rendering herself beautiful that she may win the love and admiration of others. The motive which causes her to try to enhance her charms is not unworthy of the best of us and should be regarded but as a mistaken policy in the pursuit of beauty.

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However small your income, try to live within it, even if you are obliged to eat dried apples and drink water in so doing.

We are wise for many, while often we lack wisdom for ourselves.

Whatever else you be, do not be a beggar at the Court of Love. For Love is a despot, who seldom heeds the plea of a trembling suppliant.

We may win many a battle with a smile, when a volley of remarks would make no impression upon the armor of our combatant.

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The duties of parents are manifold. We should have infinite compassion for those who have inherited our imperfections and help them to bear the spiritual burdens we have thrust upon them, for many a poor child is crippled ere it is born.

Some sunless lives are like the drooping fuchsia, which grows in the shadow. The poor, beautiful fuchsia, fated to always hang its head so sadly, like many a desolate human.

There are many scavengers in disguise. They call at numerous houses, only to carry away the noxious things they find there, and everyone they meet is given a whiff of the uncovered matter.

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What is a woman's hat intended for? To protect her head from the weather or a museum for defunct birds? You, with the outspread wings of a gull perched on high, and an owl's eye fastened above your brow, causing the beholder to encounter three eyes where he expected to see but two,—you would make an emotionless woman from the remotest district of China smile. You are a living sermon on the use and abuse of money. But such adornment may be but an outburst and protest against civilization. If so, the cause is good; therefore Fair One continue to deck yourself with the plumage of your wild kindred.

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Untried friends are the best friends.

It is two o'clock in the day. Many men of affairs have partaken of a goodly meal, and that is well. But I wonder if they have loosened the check-rein a trifle to-day on those who are dependent upon them and who have, by their labor, enabled them to sit at an ample board.

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There are people who cannot be happy unless the band plays. They must be forever in the midst of strife and the sound of gaiety, never wearying of the devil's tattoo. Even the aged you will find in the noisy cafés where an orchestra adds to the din. They dare not take refuge in themselves. They might not recover from the shock.

It is a mighty man to whom one dare reveal the truth. Generally one is obliged to patch it up with sophistries before offering it to the humblest, for most of us lack the courage to confront the naked truth.



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Many a mother will indulge her offspring in all kinds of folly, and consider herself generous and unselfish in so doing, when frequently it is merely the brute instinct, to provide for her own, that controls her. Her hand and eye are sacred to her for they are her own flesh, but will she concern herself to assist the helpless and unprotected about her? There is the test of her unselfishness! It is a joy to indulge our loved ones and generally requires but a small effort on our part. Therefore, it is more of a selfish pleasure than otherwise.

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It is natural that we should doubt God's mercy at times. We who tie a faithful dog in a lonely place day after day, or drive a brave horse with a cruel bit and shoot innocent harmless things for mere sport.

Ere the dusk falls look inward.

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Where are the pewter mugs of our ancestors? Give me one, and a delft plate with my entire meal upon it. And, if you please, serve it upon a white pine board where I can look without and see a bit of green and a patch of sky. My good friend, you must join me, foregoing your cut glass, dainty china and fine linen for to-day, and be simple and rude if need be, feeling assured that I will not betray you and shock Emily, Ruth and Alice, the tyrant, she who cannot enjoy a meal without a butler at her back observing each morsel of food which enters her capacious mouth. She, I feel confident, would be shocked beyond measure that a lady of her acquaintance could partake of food under such circumstances. But we shall call the dog

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and he will sit upon his hind legs, rivaling Alice's butler in his respectful attitude, for he is a well behaved dog whose barks are not many. I may write of my wish, my friend, but I really lack the courage to ask one as refined as yourself to assume the mode of your forefathers.

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I have dozed in a hammock, which was hung under a sheltering tree, on a warm day in summer, with the hills in the distance and the sound of a running brook near by acting as a lullaby, and have awoke and slumbered, while watching the sunlight play upon the fig leaves and listening to the sparrows calling one another, doubtless informing their companions that a gadding hen had escaped from her confines and invaded the meadow. "What a phenomenon!" they say. And so between sleeping and waking I have felt myself the superior of a king. For a king might just at this moment be called to a council chamber to preside over a number of wiseacres, who know but little, or they would take a turn at living simply and so find

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the happiness which we are all seeking and which may be waiting near by for us, if we will only look in the right direction.

Half the time of the average woman of the present day, is occupied by dress. I should think that many of the weary slaves of fashion would envy the lady-bug, who gives no thought to her appearance, and yet has a beautiful, bright red coat which displays her form to perfection, and which she is not obliged to doff at night nor assume in the morning.

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There are occasions when excessive refinement irritates me. Its effect upon me is similar to that produced by someone near by with a weak voice constantly endeavoring to reach high C. At such times I long to fly to the woods, sling a black pot over a bed of coals, hear wild things calling to one another, smell the damp earth and, throwing myself full length beside a sparkling stream, form a cup of my hands and thrusting them into the clear water, drink deeply at the heart of nature.

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There are many afflictions in life, and one of the greatest is the burning wish to be something other than you are. Seeing a young negress upon the street, my heart went out to her in infinite compassion, for her dark handsome face was covered with the white powder of her fairer sisters.

While taking a walk I paused beside some toil-worn laborers at work in a ditch, and breathed an inaudible prayer for their well being, feeling, as I stood there, like a miser hugging my leisure.



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There is the busy bee and the snail in nature, the industrious human and the gentle dreamer. We cannot all be alike. Therefore, restless one, cease disparaging the indolent. They will not jig to any tune, but play the part allotted to them tranquilly, for such is the decree of Providence.

When some people take one to task they play upon a harp of a thousand strings.

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How much more one can enjoy a rainy day if they can sit by a window and watch others getting drenched. Such discomfort generally adds to the onlooker's sense of warmth, for one can better appreciate their own blessings when they see others without them.

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I frequently hear physicians alluded to as though they were a special providence, whose fiat is irrevocable. Medical men, some years ago, bled us for the simplest ailment; now their knives go into the vitals of the patient. Doubtless, twenty years from now their methods will change. Therefore, let us take courage, and if we can manage to live next door to them for that length of time, they may feed us on mother's milk, declaring that it will cure us of the worst form of disease.

A charming woman is the woman who feels that she is admired.

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I am of a deplorable romantic temperament, over fond of music, poetry and song, and enjoy reading of the times when satin doublet and silken hose were worn by dauntless men, and fair maidens mounted palfries. But life, alas, has simply bombarded me with the common-place. I am like a wooden clothes-pin, constantly in touch with the practical. If lost in a most delightful day dream, I am likely to be aroused by some worthy person wishing to know what will relieve ingrowing toe nails, or, can I recommend something which will remove grease spots? Such information is sought of me, because Nature, who is somewhat of a jester, has seen fit to cast me in a commonplace mold. Nevertheless, I intend to plant roses among my cabbages.

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Some ministers, with Hell to conjure with, make many converts.

It is wise to examine the core of your fruit before partaking of it, if you would avoid swallowing a bitter mouthful.

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The professional money-getter is like the bee, intent on extracting. The bee is an unconscious thief and the ruthless money-getter an exalted pickpocket—or, he might be regarded as a saviour of mankind, for the possession of too much gold causes the downfall of many worthy people. One may take from the money-getter his gains and give them to a more deserving brother, but the magician soon renews his wealth, for he has as many devices for abstracting money as a centipede has legs. Although he is generally tainted with madness, he serves a wise purpose, Doubtless his mission on earth is for the benefit of the masses, preventing, as it does, an injurious over-indulgence among them.

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It is possible that the evil we send forth may return as vultures to tear at our hearts. If we judge harshly, we may some day ask for mercy for ourselves in vain. Should we wreck another's happiness, our own can be destroyed, and if we cripple a slave by climbing upon his back to see a passing pageant, we may have a grievous fall from his shoulders. This is not all theory, for many a one at the end of his life is broken and sore from running the gauntlet of his sins.

When I behold a haughty individual I am immensely amused, for such a Tom Thumb reminds me of a toad with indigestion.

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The world must ever reverence the poet, the painter, the sculptor and the composer of divine melodies, for their gifts are godlike, holding beauty forever before us. We must not look beyond their genius if we would not be disappointed, since many of them are a bit lawless. But, can we expect such marvelous creatures to live by our standards? They belong to another world and our laws will not bind them. Nay!—they are our beloved masters and under their spell the veriest slave of Time becomes a reckless truant.



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Many proud and heartless humans can only be awakened from their indifference by a grievous loss. They are brought low by a great grief that they may arise and become worthier, and more in sympathy with struggling humanity, since they have suffered with them.

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I often envy the small, feathered creatures who have no knowledge of death, and who seems to be so happy with their tribe. How merrily they chirrup in the trees at daybreak, putting me to shame with my weary spirit and my lagging body. But what can a poor mortal know, small ones, of your simple joy in life and fellowship with your kind? Still I am thankful that your Glee Club meets in my tree tops, and although I am but a crude and clumsy mortal, I shall never molest one of your number. Therefore, I trust you will continue to abide near me, as my heralds of the day.

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In the old time it was well when a great lord was content to seek repose upon a rude bed of lion skins, in a vast, lofty chamber, where a fire of great logs threw a ruddy glow over the sinewy, recumbent forms of his faithful retainers, who were scattered about him and who, if need be, were eager to forfeit their lives in the service of their lord. Therefore, he slumbered peacefully, among tried men and true, dearer to him than his chests of gold, although they wore no medals, save upon their leather jackets the stains of blood which they had shed in defense of their master. Thus they dwelt together "one heart, one hearth and one household." I doubt if a man of the present day, with mere wealth at his command, can surround him-

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self with as many brave and loyal subjects.

Some find an oasis in this life, while others who are worn with toil, and weak from hunger, must journey far into a remote country, ere they can rest amidst plenty. But their harvest may be richer for their waiting.

It is better to be a shepherd upon a mountain side than a mole in a great city.

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Do not light the lamp, my friend; we will sit in the firelight, while I speak of the Shadow people. Doubtless, you have met a certain tribe of them, if you have partaken too freely of the juice of the grape,—satire, dwarf and impish specter. But I wish to speak of quite another tribe: the good samaritans belonging to the Possible family. If you have known intense grief or illness, very likely you have seen these mystic people, for Nature sends them to divert an overtaxed spirit. How well I remember the childish interest I took in them when last they beguiled me. The dear care-free people! Pain had left me all but lifeless. My tired body refused to obey my weakened will, and my weary eyelids drooped over my burning eyes, when Lo! the Shadow people were before

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me, transporting me to their realm. Oh, the beauty of its glades! The earth might envy their tender, matchless green. And the people with noiseless steps seemed to move in moonbeams; a gracious tranquil people, with a faint radiance upon their pale straight brows. Even the jester among them wore a grave air as he stepped aside to allow a troop of white clad youths to pass, whose golden locks tossed in the breeze, as they held aloft pale waving torches, in whose light one I knew to be Folly danced down a flower strewn path, her rosy limbs clad in white gossamer like draperies. With streaming hair and radiant face, turned sideways, she seemed to draw all men to her by the magic of the web she spun. A stalwart troupe of bearded

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foresters, with the gleaming, tawny eyes of lions, and great axes upon their shoulders, turned aside to follow in her wake, joined by a beautiful youth, whose silver vestments gleamed in the torchlight. After him ran wood sprites, waving wands of willow which were reflected in a pool where wondrous lilies grew. Upon the hillside . . . A gentle step at my door, and my dream people have disappeared. Fetch a light dear and read to me the news of the day.

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There are times when unavoidable dependence upon another is like being weighted with a ball and chain, under which the spirit droops and life becomes tainted with a profound melancholy. But some of the noblest must serve their time as galley slaves to fate, and prove their courage by mute lips and bodies held erect, although naught but their aching eyes are free to seek a fair horizon.

It is of small matter how finely wrought the dish is if when famished we find it empty.



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We have a number of exclusive sets; some not voluntarily so, as, for instance: the set in the insane asylum, and the State's Prison, but the richly garmented exclusive set are as free as those at the home of the blind.

If one is successful according to the world's standard of success, there are many who would shoot one down as carrion.

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I have heard of a worthy man living under a sheltering tree, with a bit of cloth attached to it to serve as a wind-break. But if I wish to be eminently respectable, I must have a room to sleep in, one where I make my toilet, one for meditation, one for reading, one for the reception of guests, one sacred to music, one devoted to smoking, another where my food is prepared, still another to breakfast in and one to dine in. If the rooms are to serve their purposes, I must rush from room to room as I am seized by different desires. Alas! I must desert my sunny veranda and hie me to my study when I am about to think, but where, O where is my swear room!

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I entered a spacious store where many weary looking women were in attendance. But the poor foolish owner of the shop had my compassion, for he had ensconced himself in a small, steel cage, which was dignified by the name of "Office" and had "No Admittance" above its door. There the pale stern looking man spent his days, with no ventilation and a glaring electric light above the desk where he sat, although it was a beautiful bright day without. Had his government sentenced him to a like fate for a grave crime, fair minded citizens would very likely have risen in his defense, but he had condemned himself to such an existence through lack of comprehension. I notice many people groaning under useless burdens, or voluntarily assuming yokes which are

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needless. The deaf and blind are protected but Heaven help the unenlightened!

If we would "do unto others as we would have them do unto us," our taxes would be lighter, for we would not be obliged to maintain so many law courts and prisons, nor journey far to assemble at a peace conference.

Scientists tell us that love is a myth, but the youths and the maidens do not believe them, although their elders may admit with a sigh the truth of the assertion.

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I have missed a beautiful afternoon by remaining indoors with my journal. In this respect I am not unlike the ground worm, which stays in the earth when it might come forth and bask in the sunshine.

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There is something at times uncanny in the rebound of evil. I speak from experience, as well as observation, having paid in full for all my misdeeds. I once heard a fond mother speak unjustly of a struggling youth to his employer. It was most unkind as the boy was the main support of an aged parent. Sometime afterward her own son was discharged from a lucrative position and was unable to secure another; consequently his mother was obliged to curtail her expenses, and spent most of her time upbraiding fate which had served her so unjustly, through no fault of her own she declared, for she had failed to read the writing on the wall.

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Many consider themselves wise and so does a child who has mastered the alphabet. The wisest among us cannot create the simplest flower, nor make a needle such as a bee carries for defense, nor weave a web like the spider, and yet we prate of wisdom.

Do not demean yourself by holding the whip while another cowers.

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I am rejoiced to see the children returning from school. The dear children, who were meant to gamble like kittens, lambs and young colts and are obliged to sit at desks uncomplainingly the best hours of the day acquiring wisdom, holding their bodies erect in accordance with the almost military discipline exacted of them, not even a smile being permitted among those who see in the simplest episode something to provoke their mirth. If our lives are constrained, we cannot complain when we have such cheerful, brave little soldiers in our midst.



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It ill becomes one, born in the purple, to assume a superior air when in the presence of one whom Chance has not favored in like respect. Arrogance is not compatible with a Christian spirit; it is a cheap form of pride belonging to the peacock, who spreads his tail feathers in order to conceal his ugly feet.

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If one has not all one desires, such a condition will not retard one from reaching perfection. There are beautiful grasses and mosses growing in crevices as fair as those to be found in the garden of a palace. A swan does not need a necklace of pearls to render it beautiful, and a collar of gold will not conceal the identity of a fox.

Revenge and bitterness breed a poison which destroys happiness.

You may smile at many of my statements, my Ideal Friend, but if you can stride, please allow me to toddle after you.

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We can talk of civilization when we have open air factories and workshops.

Pity the poor descendant of slaves and help him to rise. Had our ancestors been shackled for ages, we might not be such a dominant race. The Great Master's palette is laden with many hues. Shall we condemn his work because He has given us the fairest coloring?

The old form of salutation "Peace Be With You," contained an abundance of good will, for we can only obtain peace by being in harmony with the good, the true and the beautiful. Therefore, "Peace Be With You."















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